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Stanford.

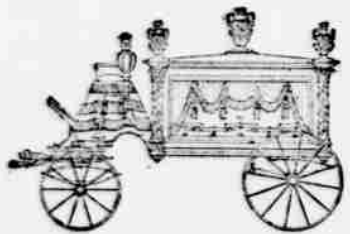
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W. S. BEAZLEY,

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Souvenir Edition.

We send out a paper today of which we are justly proud. No one, except a newspaper man, has any conception of the work it takes to get out a paper of this kind, but we hope our subscribers will appreciate it. The business men of the town, who are awake to the benefit of advertising, have taken advantage of bringing their houses before the people, and show what they are made of by the liberal amount of space they occupy. In issuing this souvenir, our aim is to give information in regard to the town which people are not familiar with, and furnish pictures and date of buildings which can be filed away for reference in after years. In laying our plans we hoped to make a few dollars out of the scheme, but, on the other hand, we will come out behind. Some of the dates given may not be exactly correct, but we have put forth every effort to get all pertaining to the history of the town. Lancaster is the best town in the state, and there would never be a cause of complaint if those making their money here would spend it with others also trying to make a living in the town. There is only one fault with us Lancaster people, and that is we are too quick to "take up" with strangers. We have a few draw backs, but then you find them everywhere. Our moneyed men, as a rule, are willing to use their cash toward helping the town, and when once properly put on foot, enterprises go through in a hurry. Fakirs come along occasionally dispose of a few gold bricks, so to speak, but our people have had almost enough of foreign "investments" and the gold brick trade is not quite so brisk in the good old town. Taking her up one side and down the other, Lancaster is just a little better, than any town on the map. We were born and raised here, and hope that when called upon to turn our toes to the daisies, it will be our pleasure to place our pedal extremities under a crop of that flower that is growing within the limits of the town of Lancaster, county of Garrard and state of Kentucky.

Uncle Harvey Yantis,

Was born in Lancaster on Nov. 13, 1807, being 91 years old last month, lives near old Antioch church and is in remarkably good health. He was Sheriff for many years and lodged the



first prisoner in the old jail. It was not completed and he placed the prisoner in the dungeon, put planks over the trapdoor, and slept on them all night.

He has 12 living children: Wm. A. Yantis, Mrs. Mary Daniel, Roda, Yantis, Mrs. Mathusa Curry, Thos. L. Yantis, Mrs. Nannie Jennings, Mrs. Jennie Martin, Samuel and James L. Yantis, Mrs. Hattie Romans, Mrs. Nellie Carson and Mrs. Carrie Davidson.

Eld. Joseph C. Frank,

Was a man who will be remembered by Lancaster people as long as anyone.



who ever lived here. His earnest work for christianity and temperance won a warm place in the hearts of Lancaster people.

LANCASTER.

'Sketch of the town, from its Birth.

On a mild summer day in the year 1798, just twenty years later than the first settlement in Kentucky, a party of backwoodsmen, more properly speaking, pioneers, in a conclusion upon some felled tree at a historical spot called Watty Dunn's spring, decided to build a courthouse, the first of justice in the embryo city of Lancaster. Their leader was a young man named Paulding who had come from Pennsylvania and pre-empted the ground at this favored region. The survey was made, and the ancient log courthouse was built at the place X roads. Paulding designed the town after the pattern of his home beyond the Alleghenies and named the streets: Richmond, Mulberry, Paulding, Danville, Lexington, Crab Orchard, Water, Stanford and Campbell. The town was named "Lancaster" after Paulding's native place, and the county was called for Governor James Garrard, who was elected May 11, 1793, to succeed Isaac Shelby, first Governor of Kentucky.

The town was situated on a high table land near the center of the State. The people were intelligent, hospitable and honest. Their houses were mostly of brick, well-built and comfortable, according to the ideas of that day. At the time passed, the surrounding country was cleared of the forests, which banded the view in every direction. We who have seen only the dwarfed and degenerate trees, which are left in the romantic region near the confluence of the Dix and Kentucky rivers, can form little conception of the Titans that once stood there in majestic groves. Large upland tracts of these wild areas were undergrowth, and their mossy paths, more beautiful and more springy to the tread than carpets of the heaviest pile, were culminated by stately trunks, and arched and joined by interlacing boughs into "long-arched" and "retted vaults," whose dimly lighted grandeur is feebly imaged in the painted canvases of the painter's shrubs and flowering trees. The woods were musical with birds in their matin song. At evening the droning of insects resounded in the woodland orchestra. In the spring time these woods were gay and brilliant. In the melancholy days of autumn the foliage put on the glories of the sunset clouds. In the winter lovely emerald tresses of white arabesques against the glowing sky, or glittered in crystal sheet with prismatic hues. Nature had painted the region with lavish hand.

The arable land of Garrard county produced crops far in excess of the home demand, and there were no accessible foreign markets, except for tobacco, which was floated down the Kentucky river in flatboats, and fogs, horses, and mules, which were driven South by way of Cumberland Gap. Provisions were cheap and plentiful: quails and quirel abounded; deer frequented the outskirts; wild pigeons blazoned the trees in season; the woods were well stored with honey, sugar and molasses. The flocks of their own flocks, flax and cotton from their own field, supplied clothing, carpets and bedding. These were spun and woven in the country. Hats and shoes were made in the town. By-and-by one David Sattou invented the silk up on the style of hat known as the "plug", and had it patented at Washington. Furniture was made in the village, and materials for building were excellent.

In those days the rich and the poor met together; the fashions were alike, and it was said that Lancaster was a paradise for the poor. Children were left a good deal to the black mamies and other slaves, who were not slow to infect them with their own fears of ghosts, goblins and witches. Signs and omens were intermingled with the untutored kindred of these benighted creatures, and many a survivor recalls their uncanny spells.

Schools were in keeping with the primitive spirit of the age, albeit the instruction was sometimes good. Corporal punishment was rife for the smallest offense. One of the cruel, though common penalties for trivial misdemeanors, was to make an inverted V of the boy by bending him over with his fingers touching the floor. Cerebral congestion was soon the result.

Old records tell how the town suffered for want of wholesome water. It had no cisterns, no perennial springs, and but a single well. When this well became dry the water was hauled from distant springs. But for the numerous slaves this would have been a source of insufferable inconvenience. The bad quality of the water was the cause of frequent epidemics. And

here the physician got in his work; his nauseous draughts and boluses; his ready lancet and fleam; his hot water to drink, if any, and the sick-room hermetically sealed from the fresh air of God's own country. What wondrous stories we used to hear about certain patients escaping from the clutches of the disease and getting well! Nature was young her utmost to defeat ignorance and mistaken methods.

Religion prevailed in the first years of the settlement. Too poor to build a church, each sect, a brick church erected in the suburbs, where all denominations might worship except Catholics and Shakers. Louis Craig brought the Baptist tenets; and Nathan Rice came soon after with the Presbyterian faith. Methodists followed, and as the years went on, the members of the Reformed, or Christian church, nine in number, met and organized the new doctrine. Church buildings arose as the town grew and spread, and the architecture of the place took on more pretentious forms.

Upon court days and all public days, the remnants of a certain desperado element common to new settlements, manifested in brawls and fightings, the dialect of the time: "They fought and they lit; scratched, pommelled and hit; with fists, feet, missiles and knives; and water on the pistol got in its mad work. Fists and even vendettas existed to within a few decades past, and nowhere was criminal independence more conspicuous in the zenith of its glory. In the Lancaster bar was renowned far and near. Some of the grandest intellects Kentucky ever produced were born and reared there; and the wild, wide world has been blessed and benefited by their legal, literary, and commercial acumen.

In this age of comfortable inns and commodious courthouses, and of railroads and turnpikes, the inconvenient and expensive of the early days are a thing of the past. He went from court to court,

the circuit large and the county seats far apart; accommodations wretched, streams unbridged and roads difficult. Mounted on his horse, enveloped in a three-piece drab overcoat with long skirts, his legs wrapped in green baid leggins, his hands encased in enormous buckskin gloves, and his feet in buffalo canvas shoes, he sallied forth in mid-winter, through slush and mire. The inevitable saddle bag always brought home presents for the folks especially when the journey was to the Court of Appeals at Frankfort, a distance of 57 miles.

The favored one who was sent to the Congress of the United States, or who for any purpose went to Washington, took the highway astride his steed, and like the travellers in the Canterbury Tales, fell in with pleasant company all along the road. Once established at the national capital the cares of a wife and little ones at the far-away Kentucky home, were still uppermost in the statesman's mind. Here's an extract from a letter dated at Washington, December, 13, 1839, just eighty years ago, and sent to the family at Lancaster, Ky.: "Elijah Hyatt promised to keep you in flour, and I have to let you have some pie. What you get of him, with what you may kill, it is sufficient. A man by the name of Cook is to let you have one hog—and if you want bee! Ben Bryant will furnish you. If you should want money call on Mr. George, and if he has none, get what you want of Joe Letcher."

The little city has had its share of political and judicial rocks, turmoils, privileges and blessings. The famous "Resolutions of 1798" against the Alien and Sedition Laws, afforded to Henry Clay, then a unknown youth of twenty-one, and freshly arrived from Virginia, his first opportunity as an orator. Resistance to governmental oppression, and a rising out after a just independence, marked the history of the city we love, as it has controlled the progress and prosperity of the whole State. Commercial success has perched upon her banner; and on the indelible scroll of the ages is written the record of well-being in the learned professions, the old-fashioned agriculture, the trades and manufactures. In social arts Lancaster has ever been pre-eminent; and no other community of her numbers has equalled her attainments in musical proficiency. The first decimal rally of musicians was by W. Ratel in 1844, and he therefore claims the merit of considerable antiquity in the annals of our town. It was called the "Lancaster Band." It was led by John Wilson. The instruments were clarionets, B flat bugle, A flat cornet, piccolo, flute, French horn, trombone and ophicleide.

And now, having given as requested, a brief general history of this town I venture to express my love and veneration, my happy memories and ardent wishes, in the closing lines of Captain XII of the Song of Lancaster:

There's a heart of old Kentucky;
There's a pride of fair and cozy days;
There's a city of the hillside,
May she never know its name;
While the mountains are watching,
May her boudoirs ever linger,
As the cycle brings its change;
May the spirit of human progress,
Star of peace and glory,
May it shine and bloom and live,
Lift their halcyon shadows from her,
Let her children cling unto her,
And the wreck of mind and matter,
Be her sons and daughters' motto,
Stand united, full, divided,
And protect them, O Lancaster—
Christened city, just and true.

EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS

Dr. Elias Fisher.



Was was one of Lancaster's most prominent and respected citizens. Everybody liked Dr. Fisher and his memory will long be cherished. He was a man of great energy and was buried in the cemetery.

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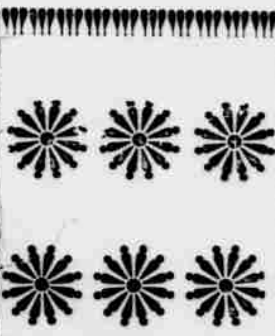
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